

Dear Mr. Sheriff,

My effort to reach you last night was in vain. -  
Your gentlemen in the vestibule regretfully and firmly refused to  
allow my gracious host to receive his invited guest.

My repulse was complete in its humiliation, for the  
official Guardian dismissed me in my own name - and I was not  
permitted to leave the place under the guise of the unknown impostor.

To present myself at your door in answer to your  
joyous summons, was, it seemed to me, the next thing to do, after  
the pleasant correspondence in which I had, without suspicion,  
accepted your proposed hospitality, - and so unthinking, and  
"unarmed" (I left the cane behind me) I drove from the depths of  
Chelsea to distant Drury Lane - frozen but confident.

A rash and ill-considered proceeding altogether!  
I was told that I must not pass the portal without the proper  
voucher for my appearance - and as the card you had been good enough  
to send me was, at that moment, carefully exposed upon the mantel  
in Cheyne Walk - too large for any pocket - my discomfiture required  
no further element - and I journeyed back into the night - remembering  
that you are charming - that your servants are admirable - that  
in short, "the principle remained the same" - and that I must send  
you this note of acknowledgment.

